

Not So Vanilla by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

Some totally plotless kinky fun for Joyce and Hop.

Not So Vanilla

Author's Note:

- For [StarMaamMke](#).

A little late but Happy Happy Birthday Mandi! Hope ya dig it!

Joyce had all but forgotten about Karen's belated birthday gift and her urging to 'not be so vanilla, Joyce. It's fun, I promise!'

Jim was fishing around in their closet for a pair of shorts when he spied the box. His eyes grew wide with interest when he realized what it was. "Uh, Joyce?" Was all he could muster as he turned to look at her as she lay across the bed, romance novel in hand. Her face completely drained of color when she realized what he was holding.

"Joyce, a bondage kit?" He grinned. "You never told me-"

"It's a stupid gift from Karen! I was gonna throw it out next time I take the trash to the dump." She explained quickly. He carried the box to the bed and sat down beside her. "But why? This looks like fun." He smiled devilishly.

"Despite the fact that I never talk to her about our sex life she's convinced we need to be a little more...outgoing. Like she and Ted. But I think the way we have sex is just fi-"

"You mean Karen and Ted do this kind of stuff?" Jim grinned as he opened the box.

"Honestly Jim, don't open the box! The way we have sex is just fine. I love it, every time. You're a great lover!"

He pulled restraint straps from the box. "Honestly I don't know why we haven't done cuffs. I am a cop. And you're a bad, bad girl." He teased, turning towards her and reaching for her hands. She shrunk away. "This stuff is weird. I feel gross just having it near me. I'm a Mom. This is stuff for wild teenagers."

Jim huffed a sigh of approval when he pulled a paddle from the box. "That looks like it would hurt. Sex shouldn't hurt." He smirked at her. "Yeah, and you 'accidentally' bit me last week too, didn't you?" She opened and closed her mouth several times, trying to justify herself. He'd worn a purple bruise under the shoulder of his uniform for days now.

"Play with me Joycie." He said, pulling out a collar and leash.

She pulled her knees up to her chest in bed. "I'm not in the mood. And this is weird. A collar? That's humiliating. I won't let you walk me like a dog."

He lifted the collar and buckled it around his own throat. He attached the leash and stepped from the bed, getting on his knees at Joyce's bedside.

"C'mon Joyce. Drag me into bed and fuck me." He said, laying the leash in her lap.

"Jim drop it. This is weird. Will you get off your knees already! Honestly." He gave her a sly smile. "And what if I don't?" There was a strange fire in his eyes.

"Keep this up and I'm going to tie you to this bed and leave you here." She was getting annoyed with him but she toyed with the leash in her lap. "I'll let you spank me." He teased and she turned red. "Jim!"

"C'mon Joyce. Play with me!" He urged again.

"Did you do this kind of stuff with your other girlfriends?" She huffed, crossing her arms.

"Nope. But I wanna do it with you."

"This is weird." She fussed but she yanked his leash anyway.

"Yank me around, Joyce." She pulled at the leash, jerking him forward on his knees just to shut him up. "That's it." He urged. "Shorten my leash." She did until he stood up on his knees, bringing his face closer. "Kiss me, master." He said quietly.

Joyce stopped. "Ew! This is so gross, Hop! This is totally humiliating." He shook his head, giving her a bemused look. "Nope, obviously pretty into it." He said looking down at the growing tent in his jeans.

"Will you get into bed already?" He passed her the leash again. "Make me." He dared. So she made up her mind and shortened the leash. "Get into bed." She ordered, tugging him. He gave her a satisfied smile and climbed into the middle of the bed.

"There, happy now?" She asked. "Now tie me down." He urged and she protested. "Just do it! We'll both like it, I promise." She rolled her eyes. "This is the one and only time I'm humoring you with this stuff." She said as he climbed out of his jeans.

He laid still with his limbs outstretched as she made her way around him, tying him down with the nylon and velcro straps. "And now what?" She asked, sitting on her knees at his side.

"Whatever you want to do to me. I'm at your mercy, master." He said. "Don't call me that, that's gross." "Alright. Just do something."

She moved astride his lap like she normally did when they began making out and leaned low over him to kiss him. His kisses were feverish, a quality he hadn't had in weeks now. He was breathing hard under her and began straining against the straps.

Usually by now he'd have his hands all over her but instead the muscles of his shoulders and arms tensed and she took a minute to rub across his skin, feel the power under it.

"You're always in control. Is this really doing something for you?" She asked and he nodded. "Just keep touching me."

She sat back on his lap and pulled her nightgown over her head, tossing it aside. Her auburn hair fell over her shoulders as she looked down at him. "See something you wanna touch?" He leaned up to kiss a breast and she moved out of his reach, giving him a sly smile. "This is kind of fun."

Joyce realized there was two items left in the box he hadn't taken out and she retrieved one of them. She slipped the black satin blindfold

around his eyes and tied it behind his head and he gave her a sexy grin. "Now your getting into it."

She lightly ran her nails down his arms to his pecs where she gave him a light scratch. The corners of his mouth twitched and he swallowed hard. "You like that?" She asked, running her nails down his chest to his waist. He was rock hard under her and she smiled to herself as she reached for the other forgotten item.

She took the feather and ran it along his throat and he grinned broadly. "Joyce you know I'm not ticklish." "Let's see about that." She challenged. She ran the feather down the center of his chest to his soft belly. She dragged it lightly across his skin and his grin broadened. "Seriously, this is doing nothing for me." "And you're lying." She shot back. She ran it across his belly button and Jim giggled. Big bad Jim Hopper giggled.

"Joyce, stop." She dragged the feather down his side, across his ribs. "Joyce, seriously! Stop!" She leaned over him to kiss him while she ran the feather down his ribs again.

"I think I like this." Joyce whispered against his ear, her hot breath tickling his skin. He rolled his head to the side and smiled broadly. "I am truly at your mercy, ma'am." "Good."

Joyce moved down his body to kneel around his waist. He hissed when she lowered her warm wetness onto him.

Joyce tossed her head back, arched her back as she began riding him, rotating her hips against his. He strained against the ropes, wanting to touch and squeeze and caress. She grabbed a hold of the leash, pulling it tightly until he lifted his head off the bed and he gave her a wicked smile. She ran the leather handle of the leash down the center of his chest.

He lay his head back in the pillows, hissing in pleasure when she hit just the right spot.

"Yes! Joyce! Faster baby!"

She rode him to his completion and further until she fell over the

edge herself, collapsing over his chest panting. "This was fun." She breathed heavily, fingers drawing little circles on his chest until their breathing slowed.

"Okay baby, you can let me go now." He said.

"Mmm not yet." She replied, kissing the underside of his jaw. "I like torturing you."

"I've created a monster." He grinned.

She kissed his cheek and slowly untied the blindfold, letting it slip from around his eyes. Then she kissed the tip of his nose, and his forehead before she started crawling around the bed to free him.

He sat up, rubbed at the slightly raw rings around his wrists. "Please thank Karen for this birthday present for me!" He grinned.

"I'm not telling her anything, a lady doesn't kiss and tell." She winked at him. "And neither should you. It's sexier that way, don't ya think?"